Woman Intervenes.

BY ROBERT BARR, Author of 'The Face and the Mask," "In the Midst of Alarms," Etc.

gus sat at his desk with a deep frown on his face, looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows at the young man who had just thrown a huge fur overcoa; on the back of one chair, while he sat down himself on an-

"I got your telegram," began the editor. 'Am I to understand from it that you have

"Yes, sir," answered the young man without the slightest healtation.

"Completely?" "Cliteriy."

"Didn't you even get a synopsis of the documents?"

'Not a hanged synop." The celliar's frown grew deeper. The ends of his fingers drummed nervously on the

"You take fallure rather jauntily, it strikes me." he said at last. "What's the use of taking it any other

way? I have the consciousness of knowing that I did my best." "Um, yes. It's great consolation, no doubt,

but it doesn't count in the newspaper business. What did you do?"

"I received your telegram at Montreal, and at once left for Burnt Pine-most outlandish spot on earth. I found that Kenyon and Wentworth were staying at the only hotel in the place. Tried to worm out of them what their reports were to be. They were very polite, but I didn't succeed. Then I tried to bribe them, and they ordered me out of the men are to be. A company, called the Lon-

"Perhaps you didn't offer them enough." "I offered double what the London syn-cleate was to pay them for making the report, taking their own word for the amount. I couldn't effer more, because at that point they closed the discussion by ordering me out of the room. I tried to get the reports that night, on the quiet, out of Wentworth's value, but was unfortunately interrupted. The young men were suspicious, and next The young men were suspicious, and next morning they left for Ottawa to post the re-ports, as I gathered afterward, to England. I succeeded in getting hold of the reports, but I couldn't hang on. There are too many police in Ottawa to suit me."

"Do you mean to tell me," said the edi-r, "that you actually had the reports in your hands and that they were taken from "Certainly I had; and as to their being taken from me, it was either that or jail. They don't mince matters in Canada as they

do in the United States, you know."
"But I should think a man of your shrewdness would have been able to get at least a synopsis of the reports before letting them out of your possession.

"My dear sir," said the reporter, rather angry, "the whole thing covered I forget how many pages of foolscap paper and was the most related up matter I ever saw in my life. I tried-I sat in my room at the hotel, and did my best to master the details. It was full of technicalities, and I couldn't make it out. It required a mining expert to get the hang of their phrases and figures, so I thought the best thing to do was to telegraph it all straight through to New York. I knew it would cost a lot of money, but I knew. also, you didn't mind that; and I thought, perhaps, somebody here could make sense out of what baffled me; besides I wanted to get the documents out of my possession just as quickly as possible."

"Hem," said the editor. "You took no notes whatever?" "No, I did not. I had no time. I knew the moment they missed the documents they would have detectives on my track. As it was, I was arrested when I entered the telegraph office."

"Well, it seems to me," said the managing iter, "if I had once had the papers in my hand I should not have let them go until I had got the gist of what was in them."
"Oh, it's all very well for you to say so," manner which exists among American newspaper men and their employers, "but I can tell you, with a Canadian jail facing a man, it is hard to decide what is best to do, I couldn't get out of the town for three hours, and before the end of that time they would have had my description in the hands of every policeman in the place. They knew well enough who it was that took the papers. so my only hope lay in getting the thing tele-graphed through, and if that had been accomplished everything would have been all right. I would have gone to jail with pleasure if I had got the particulars through to

"Well, what are we to do now?" asked the

"I'm sure I don't know. The two men will be in New York very shortly. They sail, I understand, on the Coloric, which leaves in a week. If you think you have a reporter who can get the particulars out of these men, I should be very pleased to see you set him on. I tell you it isn't so easy to discover what an Englishman doesn't want you to

know."

"Well." said the editor, "perhaps that's true. I will think about it. Of course, you did your best, and I appreciate your efforts; but I am sorry you failed."

"You are not half so sorry as I am." said Rivers, as he picked up his big Canadian fur coal, and took his leave.

coat and took his leave.

The editor did think about it. He thought for full two minutes. Then he dashed off a note on a sheet of paper, pulled down the



"POOR MR. WENTWORTH."

little knob that rang the district messenger alarm, and when the uniformed boy appeared gave him the note, saying:

"Deliver this as quickly as you can."
The boy disappeared, and the result of his trip was soon apparent in the arrival of a very natty young woman in the editorial rooms. She was dressed in a neatly fitting tailor-made costume, and was a very pretty girl, who looked about 19, but was, in reality, considerably older. She had large, ap-pealing blue eyes, with a lender, trustful ex-pression in them, which made the ordinary pression in them, which made the ordinary man say. "What a sweet, innocent look that girl has," yet what the young woman didn't know about New York was not worth knowing. She boasted that she could get state secrets from dignified members of the cubinet, and an ordinary senator or congressman she looked upon as her lawful proy. What had been told to her in the strictest confidence had often become the senration of the next day in the paper she represented. She wrete ever a nom de guerre, and had tried her hand at nearly everything. She had answered advertisements, exposed rogues and swindlers, and with a low whistle, said to himself; "Five hundred dollars! I wonder what tisements, exposed regues and swindlers, and self: "Five hundred dollars! I wonder what had gone to a hotel as chambermaid in order game Jennie Brewster's up to now."

Carrena de la companio della compani or looked upon her as one of the most val-The managing editor of the New York Ar. | unble members of his staff, and she was paid sie came into the room with the self-pos-

of reports they have made on some mining properties in Canada. Then you must land at Queenstown and cable a complete account to the Argus.'

"Mining isn't much in my line," said Miss Jennie, with a frown on her pretty brow, "What sort of mines are they dealing in—gold, silver, copper, or what?" "They are certain mines on the Ottawa

pier head and at the large doorways of the warehouse which stood open on the steamer wharf. As the big ship slowly backed out there was a fluttering of handkerchiefs from the mass on the pier, and an answering flutter from those who crowded along the bulwarks of the steamer. The tug slowly pulled the prow of the vessel around, and at last the engines of the steamship began their pulsating throbs—throbs that would vibrate night and day until the steamer reached an older world. The crowd on the pier became more and more industried to those on "Ah, then you are not an American." re-

inhibe members of his staff, and she was paid accordingly.

She came into the room with the self-possessed air of the owner of the building took a sear, after modding to the editor, and said, "Well?"

"Look here, Jennie," began that austere individual, "do you wish to make a trip to Europe."

"Look here, Jennie," began that austere individual, "do you wish to make a trip to Europe."

"That depends," said Miss Jennie; "this is not exactly a pleasure trip, the time of the year that people go to Europe for pleasure, you know."

"Well, this is not exactly a pleasure trip, the intro of the matter is, Rivers has been on a job and has bungled it fearfully, besides nearly getting himself arrested."

The young woman's eyes twinkled. She alided anything with a spice of danger in it, and did not object to hear that she was expected to sucreed where a mere masculine reporters had failed.

The celifor continued:

The uncovered, because the number of passengers at that season of the year was comparatively small. As the places were assigned, one of the helpers to the purser wrote the prettily. names of the passengers on small cards, and

the other put the cards on the tables.

One young woman, in a beautifully fitted traveling gown, evidently of the newest cut and design, stood a little apart from the gen
"I am going on deck," she said, as she turned to go; "I am so anxious to get my first glimpse of the ocean at night from the deck of a steamer."

I hope you will let me accompany you." eral group which surrounded the purser and his assistants. She eagerly scanned every



WENTWORTH WITH "I BEG YOUR PARDON" SLIPPED IN AND SAT DOWN ON

don Syndicate, has been formed in England. This syndicate is to acquire a large number of mines in Canada, if the accounts given by the present owners are anything like cor-rect. Two men, Kenyon and Wentworth—the first a mining engineer and the second an expert accountant—have been sent from London to Canada, one to examine the mines, the other to examine the books of the various corporations. Whether the mines are bought or not will depend a good deal on the reports that these two men have in their possession. The reports, when published, will make a big difference, one way or the other, on the Stock exchange. I want to have the gist of these reports before the London Syndicate sees them. It will be a big thing for the Argus if it is the first in the field, and I am willing to spend a pile of hard cash to succeed. So don't economize on your cable expenses." 'Very well; have you a book on Canadian

"I don't know that we have, but there is a book here, the 'Mining Resources of Can-ada;' will that be of any use?"
"I shall need something of that sort. I

want to be a little familiar with the subject, you know." you know."
"Quite so," said the editor. "I will see what can be got in that line. You can read it before you start and on the way over."
"All right," said Miss Jennie; "and am I to take my pick of the two young men?"
"Certainly." answered the editor. "You will see them both and can easily make up your mind which will the sooner fall a vic

The Coloric sails in a week, does it?" "Then I shall need at least \$500 to get new

dresses with."
"Good gracious!" cried the editor.
"There is no 'good gracious' about it. I'm going to travel as a millionaire's daughter, and it isn't likely that one or two dresses will do me all the way over."

will do me all the way over."
"But you can't get new dresses made in a week," said the editor,
"Can't I? Well, you just get me the \$500 and I'll see about the making."
The editor jotted the amount down. "You don't think \$400 would do?" he said. "No, I don't. And say, am I to get a trip to Paris after this is over, or must I come

directly back?" "Oh, I guess we can throw the trip in to aris," said the editor. "What did you say the names of the young men are? Or are they young? Probably they are old fogies, if they are in the mining

"No; they are young, they are shrewd, and they are English. So you see your work is cut out for you. Their names are George Wentworth and John Kenyon." "Oh, Wentworth is my man," said the young woman, breezily. "John Kenyon! I know just what sort of a person he is—somber and taciturn. Sounds too much like John Bunyan, or John Milton, or names of that sort."

that sort. "Well, I wouldn't be too sure about it until

"Oh, that you needn't trouble about. The better way is to get your dresses made, and tell the people to send their bills to our

"Very well," said the young woman. "I shall be ready. Don't be frightened at the bills when they come in. If they come up to \$1,000 remember I told you I would let you

THE CHAIR BESIDE HER. "My name is Wentworth," said the young man whose turn it was. "Ah! any favorite place, Mr. Wentworth?" asked the purser, blandly, as if he had known Wentworth all his life.

"No, we don't care where we sit; but my friend, Mr. Kenyon, and myself would like places together." "Very good; you had better come to my table," replied the purser. "Nos. 23 and 24-Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Wentworth." The steward took the cards that were given him and placed them to correspond with the light?

numbers the purser had named. Then the oung woman moved gracefully along, as if she were interested in the names on the table. She looked at Wentworth's name for a moment and saw in the place next to his the name of Mr. Brown. She gave a quick, apprehensive glance around the saloon, and saw the two young men who had arranged for their seats at table now walking leisuraly toward the com panionway. She took the card with the panionway. She took the card with the name of Mr. Brown upon it and slipped upon the table another on which was written "Miss Jennie Brewster." Mr. Brown's card she placed on the spot from which she had taken her own.

"I hope Mr. Brown is not particular which place he occupies," said Miss Jennie to herself; "but at any rate I shall see that I am early for dinner, and I'm sure Mr. Brown, whoever he is, will not be so ungallant as to insist on having his place if he knows his card was here.'

Subsequent events proved Miss Jennie's surmise regarding Mr. Brown's indifference perfectly well founded. That young man searched for his card, found it, and sat down on the chair opposite Miss Jennie, who already occupied her chair, and was, in fact, the first one at table. Seeing there would be no unscemily dispute about places, she began to plan in her own mind how she would first to plan in her own mind how she would first attract the attention of Mr. Wentworth. While thinking how best to aproach her victim, Miss Jennie heard his voice. "Here you are, Kenyon, here are our

places. "Which is mine?" said the voice of Ken-"It doesn't matter," answered Wentworth, and then a thrill of fear went through the gentle heart of Miss Jennie Brewster. She

had not thought of the young man not caring which seat he occupied, and she dreaded the possibility of finding herself next to Kenyon rather than Wentworth. Her first estimate of the characters of the two men seemed to be correct. She always thought of Kenyon as Bunyan, and she felt certain that Wentworth would be the easier man of the two to influence. The next moment her fears were allayed, for Kenyon, giving a rapid glance at the handsome young woman. deliberately chose the seat furthest from her, and Wentworth, with "I beg your pardon," slipped in and set down on the chair beside

"Now," thought Jennie, with a sigh of re lief, "our positions are fixed for the meals of the voyage." She had made her plans for beyou see them. Better not make up your mind about the matter."
"When shall I call for the \$500?"

the gallant Mr. Wentworth handing her the bill of fare

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Jennie, in low voice, which was so musical that Went-worth glanced at her a second time and saw how sweet and pretty and innocent she was. "I'm in luck," said the unfortunate young man to himself.

Then he remarked aloud: "We have not many ladies with us this voyage." "No." replied Miss Brewster: "I suppose nobody really crosses at this time of the year unless compelled to." "I can answer for two passengers that such is the case."

'Yes, myself and my friend. "How pleasant it must be," said Miss rewster, "to travel with a friend. Then Brewster, "to travel with a friend, one is not lonely. I, unfortunately, am trav-

fancy," said the gallant Wentworth,

pler head and at the large doorways of the we are then going on to the Riviera to-

came more and more indistinct to those on board, and many of the passengers went below, for the air was bitterly cold and the boat was forcing its way down the bay among hugo blocks of ice.

"Ah, then you are not an American," returned Miss Brewster, with apparent surprise. She imagined that a man is generally flattered when a mistake of this kind is made. No matter how proud he may be

"I am going on deck," she said, as she

"I hope you will let me accompany you." returned young Wentworth. "The decks are rather slippery, and even when the boat is not rolling it isn't quite safe for a lady unused to the motion of a ship to walk alone in the dark." "Oh, thank you very much," replied Miss

"Oh, thank you very much," replied Miss Brewster, with effusion. "It is kind of you, I am sure; and if you promise not to let me rob you of the pleasure of your after dinner cigar, I shall be most happy to have you accompany me. I will meet you at the top of the stairway in five minutes." "You are getting on," said Kenyon, as the oung woman disappeared.

young woman disappeared.
"What's the use of being on board ship," said Wentworth, "if you do not take advan-tage of the opportunity of making shipboard acquaintances. There is an unconventionality about being on a steamer that is not without

its charm, as, perhaps, you will find out be-fore the voyage is over, John." "You are morely trying to ease your con-science because of your heartless desertion of me.

George Wentworth had waited at the top of the companionway a little more than five minutes when Miss Brewster appeared, wrapped in an arrangement tipped with fur, which lent an additional charm to her complexion, set off as it was by a jaunty steamer cap. They stepped out on the deck, and found it not at all as dark as they expected. Little globes of electric light were placed at regular intervals in the walls of the deck building. Overhead was stretched a sort of canvas roof, against which the sleety rain pattered. One of the sailors, with a rubber mop, was pushing into the gutter by the slie of the ship the moisture from the deck. All around the boat the night was as black as ink, except here and there where the white curl of a wave showed luminous for a moment in the darkness.

Miss Brewster ipsisted that Wentworth should light bis cigar, which, after some persuasion, he did. Then he tucked her hand snugly under his arm, and she adjusted her the walk, and as the two heart and heard a low murmur of conversation, and heard a low murmur of conversation, and how and then caught a snatch of silvery laughter. It was not because Wentworth had deserted him that Kenyon felt so uncomfortable and depressed. He couldn't tell just what it was, but there had settled on his mind a strange, uneasy foreboding. After a time he went down into the saloon and the trief to read, but could not, and so wandered to read, but could not, and so wandered to read to re in nautical phrase, 'turned in.' It was late when his companion came in.

"Asleep, Kenyon?" he asked, "No," was the answer. 'By George! John, she is one of the most charming girls I ever met. Wonderfully clever, too; makes a man feel like a fool beside her. She has read nearly everything. Has opinions on all our authors, a great many of whom I've never heard of, I wish, for you sake, John, that she has a sister on board."
"Thanks, old man; awfully good of you,
I'm sure," said Kenyon. "Don't you think
it's about time to stop raving and get into your bunk, and turn out that confounded

"All right, growler, I will," was the an-Meanwhile, in her own stateroom, Miss lennie Brewster was looking at her reflection in the glass. As she shook out her long hair until it rippled down her back, she

smiled sweetly, and said to herself:
"Poor Mr. Wentworth! Only the first night out, and he told me his name was George." (To be Continued.)

IMPLETIES.

New York Sun: "I want to thank you loctor," said Mr. Cawker to Rev. Dr. Thirdly, for that admirable sermon on the higher "I am very glad you liked it," replied the minister, modestly, but much gratified.
"Yes, doctor, I like to hear discourses which make their hearers think, instead of

sermons which go in at one ear and out of the other." "I like to have attentive and thoughtful hearers, and it gives me great pleasure to hear you say that it made you think, Mr. Cawker," added the minister.

"Well, I can honestly say that it did, doctor. By the way, there is one question I wanted to ask about that sermon."
"Go on, Mr. Cawker."
"Which side of the question do you favor?" A hardshell Baptist minister, preaching in go-called Union church in a Vermont town

at the close of his sermon announced to the congregation that the pulpit would be occu-pied the following Sunday by a Universalist. "They believe," said he, with the solemn air of a man whose convictions as to the hereafter are stronger and sturdier than the oaks of the forest, "that all men will be saved. But brethren," he continued, intoning the remark with a lugubrious expresion, "we hope for better things."

Chicago Tribune: "I'm gettin' a bit on-asy about our preacher," said Deacon Iron-

'What has he been doing now?" inquired the neighbor who had dropped into the good brother's shop for a talk. "He preached a sermon last Sunday," re-plied the deacen, shaking his head, "from the text, 'Man shall not live by bread alone. I'm afraid he's gettin' to be unsound on the temperance question." Harper's Bagar: "Papa!"

oke about the church militant." Does the church militant fight with the The Rage for Titles.

"What is it, Benny?"
"In his sermon this morning the minister

"Do you think the new secret society will e a success?" "Oh, it is sure to be!" What makes you so certain about it?" "Why, practically every member will be supreme or exalted something or other, and besides that we have four or five entirely new adjectives to hang to some of the biggest

Bucklen's Arnien Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruisss, sores, ulcers, salt rhoum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilbiains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give per-fect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

to write her experiences. She had been arrested and locked up, so that she might write a three-column account for the Sunday edition of the Argus of "How Women Are Treated at Police Headquarters." The editart of the Sunday edition of the Argus of "How Women Are Treated at Police Headquarters." The editart of the Sunday edition of the Argus of "How Women Are Treated at Police Headquarters." The editart of the Sunday edition of the Argus of "How Women Are Treated at Police Headquarters." The editart of the Sunday edition of the Argus of "How Women Are Crowds of human beings clustered on the Paris. My father is to meet me there, and afterward.

Treated at Police Headquarters." The editarters are sunday event. The editarters are sunday event. The said the gainant wentworts. The said the gainant wentworts. The editarters are lonely while on board ship it will be entirely your own fault. The said the gainant wentworts. The said the gainant wentworts are said the gainant wentworts. The said the gainant wentworts are said the gainant wentworts. T

LAKE KEUKA'S RUBY CLUSTERS

Glimpses of the Famous Grape Districts of New York in Autumn Tints.

ENORMOUS CROP OF LUSCIOUS FRUIT

Extent of the Market and Prices Obtainable-Manufacture of American Champagne and How it is Ripened.

The best table grapes in the United States are grown in that portion of New York state known as the "lake region," which comprises the country round four big lakes-Keuka, Canandaigua, Seneca and Cayuga. This is the land of vineyards. There are about 32,000 acres of vines in this lake country. Here perhaps are grown more and better varieties of table grapes than elsewhere on the continent; here also are produced the light, delicate table and sparkling wines that may yet make the New York lake district as famous as the champagne district of France.

When a writer for Harper's Weekly visited the Lake Keuka vineyards last month he found the story of the grape written all over the land. The lake is shaped like a badly formed Y. At the base of this Y. in what is called Pleasant Valley, is the quaint little village of Hammondsport. It was here that grape culture took root nearly fifty years ago, when the first out-door grapes that found their way to the New York city market were sent by way of the Erie canal.

Lake Keuka is a picturesque sheet of water, twenty-two miles in length, with an arm eight miles long. Its sixty miles of shore line are almost one continuous stretch of treilised vines. The lake owes its great charm and beauty to its vine-clad hills, which rise straight and steep from the shore. Perhaps the most striking feature of the landscape is Bluff Point, which rise-abruptly out of the water, making the lake Y-shaped. It stands like a lofty sentine or watch-tower. Its steep sides are covered with trellised vines, and one wonders how they can be cultivated and kept so clean and eat. One of the finest vineyards along the ake is on this point. Of course the best time to see these beau-

tiful vineyards is during the vintage, when the vines are being plundered of their clusters of luscious fruit.

Every season hath its pleasures;
Spring may boast her flowery prime,
Yet the vineyard's ruby treasures
Brighten autumn's sob'rer time.
In September and early October, then, the
vineyards look their best; big bunches of
grapes of exquisite tint and color shine through the leaves, which are turning brown and yellowish-brown. The vintage begins when the early varieties, as Delawares and Concords, are ripe, and it ends with the picking of the late varieties, as Catawbas and Niagaras. So from the 1st of September till the middle of October the grape harvest gives employment to a small army of people. The majority of the workers are women, who become most expert in the pick-ing and packing of grapes. Girls in their eens, rosy-cheaked maidens, and gray-haired mothers flock to the vineyards from the neighboring farms and villages.

This grape picking time does not bring hose scenes of mirth and pleasure which we all associate with the vintage season in olden days, when young and old sang and danced in honor of the wine god, Bacchus. And yet our modern grape harvest is not without its picturesque features. The dark or light green snugly under his arm, and she adjusted her step to suit his. They had the promenade all to themselves. The rainy winter night was not as inviting to most of the passengers as the comfortable rooms below. Kenyon, however, and one or two others came up, and sat down in the stramer chairs that were tied to the brass rod which ran along the deckhouse wall. He saw the glow of Wentworth's clear as the couple turned at the further end of the walk, and as the two passed him he heard a low murmur of conversation, and now and their caught a snatch of silvery laughter. It was not because Wentworth

in the handle. The fruit is laid carefully in boxes, which, when filled, are carried to the end of the row. The boxes are gathered two or three times a day and taken to the packing house. Here the clusters are sorted over, damaged or imperfect berries are removed and unripe fruit set aside. The grapes are packed in five and ten-pound baskets. Just as it takes a woman to stow away a whole wardrobe in a Saratoga trunk, so it requires feminine fingers to pack ten pounds of grapes into a nine-pound basket. It is surprising how many bunches of grapes can be pressed tightly, yet tenderly, into such

small space. number of baskets of grapes sent annually from the New York lake region is enormous. A modest estimate of the grape crop places it at about 20,000 tons, or 40,000,-000 pounds. This will require about 2,500 cars for transportation, and as each car holds about 2,500 baskets, the reader can readily figure that 7,000,000 baskets is not an over-estimate of the number sent to market. The bulk of the New York lake grapes is shipped to eastern cities—to New York, Boston Philadelphia and Washington. It is sent by fast freight, the rate being 35 cents per 100 pounds. Markets for New York grapes are now being opened in the west and northwest. Grapes are shipped by carloads to Chicago,

St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul and even as far as Winnipeg, Manitoba. About one-half of the grape crop of the lake region is handled and disposed of by the Central New York Grape Growers union, with headquarters at Pen Yan. The business of the union is managed by a board of directors, which contains representatives of the different sections of the vineyard district, as follows: The Lake Keuka district has six directors, the Seneca lake district three, the Canandaigua lake district three, and one at large. The shipments of the district are pooled, each variety of grape by itself. The receipts are divided prorata among the shippers. One object of this grape union is to supply grapes to consumers

in first-class condition. The fruit is in-spected and classified as No. 1 or No. 2. All unripe and badly packed grapes are rejected. The union ships in round numbers 3.500,000 baskets of grapes, and the receipts are about \$300,000. This money is distributed daily, as each day's sales are pouled and checks are each day's sales are pooled, and checks sen o the growers. After October 1 pools are made weekly. Thus the growers are relieved of the work and trouble that come if they ttend to their own sales, shipping and collec-The grape growers tell me that there i

but little profit in the industry. With few exceptions they all complain of low prices. exceptions they all complain of low prices. Ten years ago, when the growers received 4 and 5 cents a pound for their fruit, there was money in the industry. This season grapes have not brought over 2 cents a pound, or \$40 a ton. It is calculated that a vineyard will yield, on the control of the agree so that the average, two tons to the acre, so that grapes are more profitable than any grain crop. But there is a surplus of grapes crop. But there is a surplus of grapes. The markets of New York, Boston and Philadelphia in plentiful seasons become glutted every few days and grapes are sold for 1 cent a pound or less. Sometimes whole carloads bring the shipper into debt for

reight and commissions.

The question now is, what shall be done with the surplus crop of grapes? Many growers look to the increasing needs of the wine industry for relief. At the present time the wine cellars take only about onetime the wine cellars take only about onefifth of the grapes grown in the state. With
the growing demand for good American wine
the time should not be far distant when the
cellars take one-half of the grape crop. In
California four-fifths of the grapes are
pressed into wine and the annual product is
about 15,000,000 gallons. In New York it is
less than 3,000,000 gallons.
The grapes grown in the Lake Keuka
region are peculiarly adapted to making the

region are peculiarly adapted to making the light table wines, especially champagne. They are unlike the California grapes, which make the heavy-liquor wines, such as ports, sher-ries and madelras, and demi liquor wines, such as sauterne. Certain qualities of the soil on the side hills of Lake Keuka, which, by the way, appears thin and sterile, give to the Concord, Delaware and Catawba grapes a fine flavor, or tang, and it is these grapes that make a most delicate sparkling wine.

The headquarters of the champagne industry are around Hammondsport, which is in the heart of the vineyard district. Here there are eight wine cellars within a radius

of eight miles. Several of these

panies have erected extensive buildings, and which he and his ancestors have lived and have immense vaults for ripening chamimmense vaults for ripening champagne. about 1,000,000 bottles of champagne in stoo the year round. The next largest carries a stock of \$50,000 bottles of champagne, beside the still wines. The wines of these com-panies are superior brands of American champagnes, which are not always distinguishable

The sentiment is beautifully expressed in the two figures of heroic size, the inscription upon the menument being restricted to a few words only. The shaft of the column bears the words: "To Sadi Carnot, President of the Republic. The city of Limoges, 1895." And upon the base is inscribed the motto: "Pour La France" (for France).

The most surprising circumstance in the contest by various sculptors for the award of this menument is the fact that the successful competitor, Louis Breitel, was not a sculptor by profession, but an amateur at from foreign vintages.
If you visit one of these cellurs you will learn something of the mystery of making champagne by the French method—i. e., by fermentation in the bettle. You ask perminsion to explore the dark deep vaults under the side hill, and it is granted. One of the workmen acts as your guide. As you descend into the cellars the man hands you a lighted candle. You would get lost without sculptor by profession, but an amateur at this art. Breitel is a compositor on a daily newspaper, working in the printing house and exercising the sculptor's art only during lighted candle. Yeu would get lost without some light, for there are thirten champagne vaults and ten still wine vaults, through which one might wander for hours without the person of Robert Thomas, janitor of the Hopkins Institute of Arts. He is a colored man and in his add.

In these vaults you feel a decided chill; no wonder, for the temperature is kept at about 45 degrees by cold storage the year round. As you walk through vault after vault you see thousands of bottles in deep ples, and thousands of bottles in V-shaped racks. The bottles are first placed horizontally, and then, after the first year, when the wine is ripening, they are placed neck downwards, in order that the sediment which accumulates may be deposited on the cork. When fermentation is very active, hundreds of bottles burst, and the wine flows out over the stone.

Hepkins Institute of Arts. He is a colored man, and in his odd moments, working about the modeling room, he has experimented with the clay. A bust of Frederick Douglas is the result of his labor. It has been east in plaster, and is on its way to the Atlanta exposition.

BRAVE WOMEN'S VIEWS burst, and the wine flows out over the stone floors. You inhale the sweet and cloying perfume of the spilled wine, and there comes to most people a sense of luxury in being able o wade through champagne an inch deep When you come up from the dark vaults you are taken to the finishing room, and

there you see champagne passing through its final stages. The old cork is removed, and, behold! the sediment shoots out like spray from a fountain. Then the bottle is placed in a machine, and a small "dosage" of liqueur (consisting of sugar syrup and brandy) is added to the wine, which is thus made "dry" or "extra dry," as the winemaker and customers desire it. As bottles are liable to burst during the handling, the men wear wire gauze masks over their faces and heavy wire gauze masks over their faces and heavy gloves to protect their hands.

The bottle is now recorked, passed on to an-

other workman, who wires and caps it, and me. finally to a third man, who puts on the label. M The wine is ready for shipment. Meanwhile has taken two years for the new "must," to be converted and ripened into sparkling champagne, and each bottle, according to actual count, has been handled no less than 180 times

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